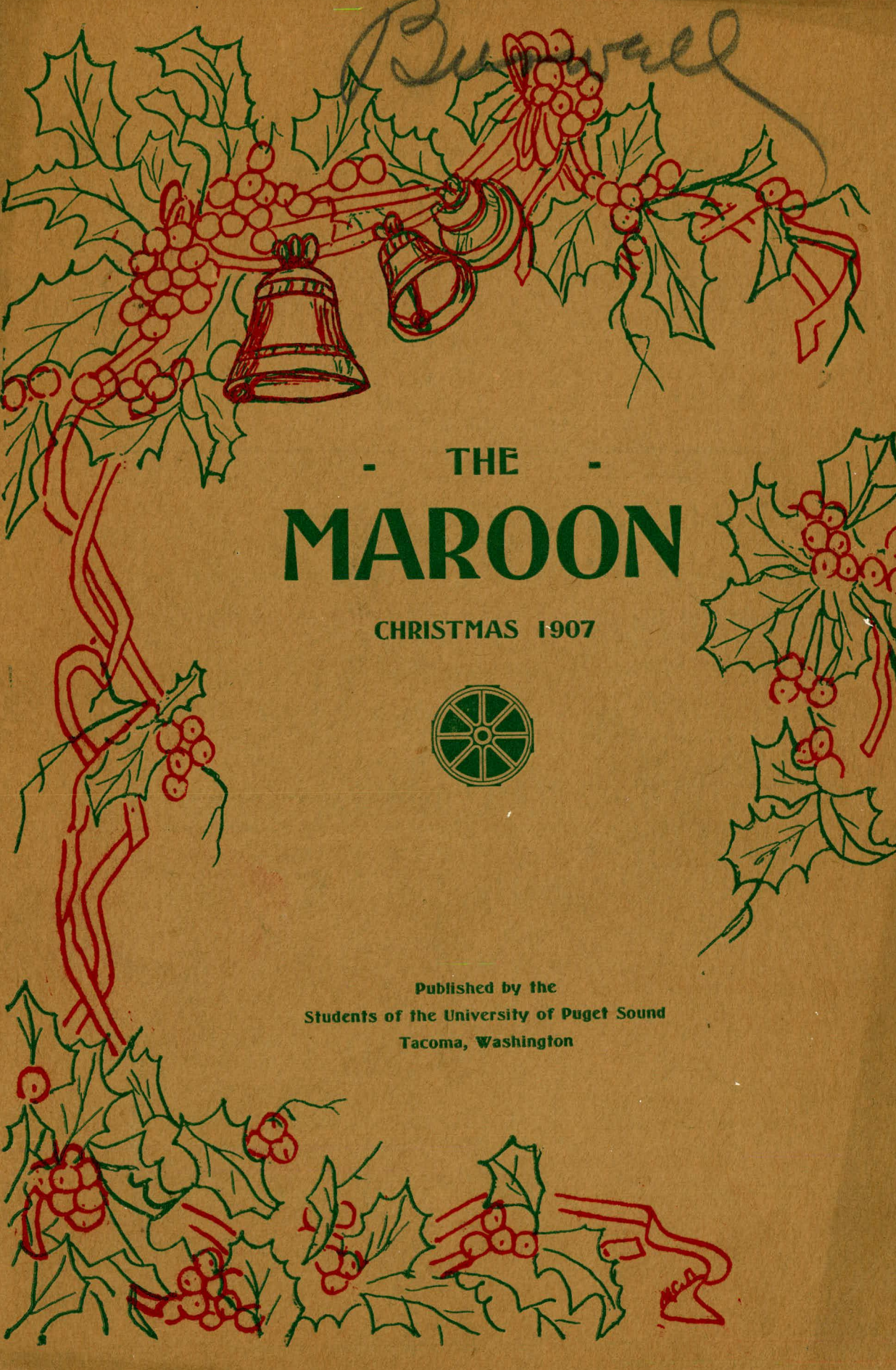


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CHRISTMAS 1907



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# THE MAROON.

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*Entered as second-class matter January 24, 1906, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington,  
under Act of Congress of March 3 1879.*

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*Volume V*

*Tacoma, Washington, December, 1907.*

*No. 3*

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## The Soul of the Song.

Prize Story.

Edith Field Marlatt, '09

There was a crash from the keys of the piano, and Professor Ludwig whirled around on his stool and faced a very surprised girl.

"Yes, you sing your notes correctly," he said, "but I'd give anything if I could put some enthusiasm into your singing. You've got a wonderful voice, but until you put life into it, it won't do you a bit of good. You could become one of the greatest opera singers in the world. But there, I've told you all that before and it don't seem to be of any use."

Jean Scott went out into the storm that day with a worse tumult in her heart than that in Nature around her. The brown leaves flew by, the rain beat down on her, but she paid no attention to it all. She had tried so hard, and had thought she was putting her whole soul into her singing. She loved it so. But now Herr Ludwig was discouraged with her, and how could she help it? Oh, well! She had better give it all up, she was only wasting time. She would probably become a school teacher, or marry and settle down if ever the right man came along, but

thoughts of such a life of drudgery were repulsive to her. She wanted to accomplish things, to make a great name for herself. She was not to be blamed. Her's were merely the dreams of ambitious youth. She had been raised in a Christian home. As the eldest of four children, her life had been too full of little everyday duties to dream very much about her future, and never until today had the idea of going on the stage come to her. Why not do it? Prof. Ludwig had said that she had the ability, but back of it all she was not satisfied with the prospect of that kind of a life.

As Jean entered Ruter Hall the bell rang.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "time for French."

"Jean," said Ruth Norton, stopping her in the hall, "I want to see you after French."

Jean passed on, wondering what Ruth wanted of her. Aside from her mother there was no one in the world that she loved as she did Ruth. Somehow Ruth was always just what she needed.



"I'll ask Ruth what she thinks about my going on the stage," Jean said to herself. Then she smiled. She already knew what Ruth would say because Ruth was a Student Volunteer. Life to her meant years spent in loving service for others.

At last the bell rang again, class was dismissed, and Jean walked out into the hall to meet her chum.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I am glad this is the last day of school before the holidays. I am just sick of school. I'll be thankful when I graduate in June. I never want to see the inside of a book again."

Ruth looked at her a moment and then lovingly and quietly said, "Let's go to my room and talk it over." Ruth always knew just what to say, and she knew now that something was troubling Jean and that she must help her.

"She was a friend indeed,  
With all a friend's best virtues shining bright;

It was no broken reed  
You leaned on when you trusted in her might."

Jean knew this, and there in that quiet room with her head in Ruth's lap she poured out the whole story of her hopes, ambitions and discouragements.

"Ruth," she said, looking up through her tears at last, "would it be wrong if I went on the stage?"

Ruth was silent a moment, then she said, "I can't answer you just now, dear. But tell me this, will that kind of life put the soul into your music that Herr Ludwig says is lacking? If so—but no, I won't say what I think you ought to do now. Go to your room tonight and pray over it. Now it is time for Band meeting and that was what I wanted to see you about. I want you to go with me today. Our meet-

ings are always fine, and today a missionary from China will talk."

"I don't enjoy missionary talks one bit," said Jean, pulling on her coat. "They're always so dry, but it may help me to forget myself, so I'll go to please you."

All the way across the campus neither of the girls said a word, but in her heart Ruth was praying that God would answer Jean's question for her. If Jean would only volunteer for mission work what good she could do, but Ruth hardly dared to hope for such a thing.

The missionary's talk was short, but two things that he said remained in Jean's mind. One was, "I am proud of the opportunity of doing this work for my Master." The other was when he was making his plea for workers, and said, "The thing most needed at our mission station just now is some one who can teach the native Christians to sing hymns. If I could take someone back with me this fall who could do this work it would do wonders for the cause of Christ in the next few years."

Jean had never heard of a missionary going out to teach singing, and when the plea was made Ruth prayed as she never had before that Jean might be the one to go.

Silently the girls walked out of the building together and down the broad stone steps. There Jean waited while Ruth went for her suit case for Ruth was to spend her Christmas with the Scotts, as her own mother was in Florida for her health.

Christmas day came on Sunday, and Jean was to sing a solo at the morning service. All the rest of the week after the missionary meeting she was unusually quiet, but Ruth knew that she was facing a life decision and wisely asked no questions, but waited till Jean, of her



own accord, should tell her all. Saturday evening, after the little ones had hung their stockings, and the big folks had trimmed the tree, the two girls went up stairs into Jean's room. Ruth was combing out her hair, when Jean, from the depths of her big rocker, said, "I don't see why God gave me such a voice. I've been perfectly wretched these last two days. I just can't go on the stage, and I won't be a missionary, so what can I do?"

Ruth's heart gave one glad bound. At least Jean had heard the call. She walked over to Jean's book-case and taking from it Longfellow's poems, she read without any explanation:

"God sent his singers upon earth  
With songs of gladness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of  
men,  
And bring them back to Heaven  
again."

When she closed the book there were tears in Jean's eyes. "Oh, dear!" she sobbed, "ever since that awful meeting I've seemed to see throngs of dark-skinned people, Chinese women with feet bound, Congo natives with hands cut off, and millions of little sad-faced Hindoo widows all calling for me to come sing them the story of God's love, and I just can't."

Quietly Ruth knelt beside her and said, "Let's pray about it, dear." Then in a simple, short prayer, she poured out her heart to God that Jean might be given the strength to decide as she ought. But Jean could not yield, and there were two very heavy hearts in that room that joyous Christmas eve.

The next morning Jean left early for a rehearsal, and as she walked down the street the words of the poem Ruth read the night before kept running through her head. As she entered the church there came before her the vision of that lowly manger in Bethlehem, then of Christ by Galilee, then of the crucifixion and resurrection. Surely God was not asking her to give up for him more than he had given up for her, and she closed her eyes and breathed a prayer of submission.

At last the service began and Jean rose to sing her solo.

"And his name shall be called  
Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God,  
Everlasting Father, Prince of  
Peace."

She sang as she had never sung before. At last her singing had life in it and in that song Ruth read the triumph of a soul, and thanked God for this great Christmas gift—a consecrated voice.



## The Acquiring and Questioning of a College Education.

G. S. Burford, Academy '09.

What we mean by the acquiring of a college education is the ways and means by which any one who desires such may obtain it. In acquiring a college education it is hard for some

and easy for others. Some people lack the power to adjust themselves to the new environment and rustle for a livelihood, while others have all the opportunities and do not heed



them. Some cannot stand the strain and too frequently others are not willing to spend the time and energy in securing such, but after all it all depends on the mental make-up.

We should look at the development of our mind as one of the most important factors of our life. Should we not hold it as the joy of a lifetime and count it the most precious to be endowed with? It is there that social circles are formed forever; life-long friends are picked out and ties of true friendship are made. Should we not look at it as the most precious gift God has given us? Even during the hard rubs we ought to make it a happy and dear experience. Parties and picnics during our college career we should enjoy, and participate in them all, but with all these there is a serious side to college life. Life demands that we be observing college men and women. It is no more than right but that our adolescent period should be one of observation to adjust and prepare ourselves for that scope and demand that the world will later put upon us.

Shakespeare says, "Like as the waves made towards the pebbled shore, so do our minutes hasten to their end." The acquiring of an education should be counted golden.

All do not look at it alike. The fact remains true that a great many students look at the acquiring of an education on one side only. Do not a great many follow those lines which come easy to them and choose electives for the harder subjects? Unquestionably there seems to be a great slack in mastering the hard things. Opportunities, they say, only come once. Does not mental justice demand that we, not only master the hard, almost impenetrable things but also develop the symmetrical life—that is a life of leadership, power and influence? Is not the period of acquiring a college education justly the period of observation, the time when students should enter all phases of science and philosophy, the period of questioning? Is it not the time to grow like the Divine, to study nature, humanity and God? After such a four years' course of honest work what must the old age of that life be?



## Her First Offence.

Elsie Mae Grumbling '09.

It was almost 7 o'clock when Bertha Ferris, a poor sewing girl, entered the one little room which served as bedroom, kitchen, dining room and living room for herself and her crippled brother. Yet the place was neat and clean and even cheerful. A clean, airy bed stood in one corner and a row of shelves, curtained off, in another, hid the scanty amount of dishes and crockery which they possessed. Paul, the 12-year-

old cripple, sat in the only easy chair in the room, his elbows propped up on a little wooden table. He was reading some old and much-worn magazines by the light of a candle which burned dimly on the stand, and he was shading his face with his hand.

A glimpse of the face beneath the hand showed the suffering that the poor child daily endured. It was pinched and wan, yet the eyes were



large and soft, and his features delicately chiselled. As his sister entered the room his whole face lighted up as if by magic, and joyously grasping his crutches from the floor beside him he hobbled to meet her.

But let us take a look at her as she enters the room. Her face is not unlike her brother's except that it does not bear the same look of physical suffering. However, she has a nervous, careworn expression as if fate had dealt unkindly with her. Her eyes are like his, but not so large and full. Her hair is of an auburn shade and is pulled tightly back from her forehead. She is dressed plainly and neatly.

Her whole attitude was one of tenderness as she bent over to kiss the boyish face held up to hers.

"And how have you amused yourself today, little brother?" she asked.

"Oh, I've been reading," he answered, "but it has been so long today. I thot you would never come. But now you're here, and I'm so glad. Did Mrs. Bradson pay you for your sewing and did you bring me some apples, Bertha dear?"

The girl's lips began to tremble, for Mrs. Bradson has not paid her and had actually refused to do so until all the sewing for the great house should be finished. She resolved to go back this very evening and beg her to pay her for the sake of this little sick brother. She looked at his eager face and then said, "No, Paul, but she told me to come back tonight and then you shall have your apples."

After setting the frugal supper of bread and cold potatoes, which the child scarcely touched, she put on her hat and walked quickly down the street toward Mrs. Bradson's. As she passed thru the lighted town with its throng of merry, jostling

people, she remembered for the first time that it was Christmas eve. Poor little Paul, he knew it, but had not mentioned it for fear it would trouble her. How she would love to celebrate Christmas for him as their mother used to do! As she was thus musing her eyes fell upon the baskets of large, red apples in front of the grocer's window, and she quickened her pace, thinking all the time how Paul would clap his hands when shown what he had been longing for.

At last she came in sight of a brightly illuminated stone house. When she ascended the steps and rang the bell, Mrs. Bradson herself appeared in her opera cloak.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Bradson," she said, "I have come again to ask you to pay me for my sewing. I know that it is not all finished, but if you would only pay me something it would help me so much. It is for my little brother that I ask it," said the tired girl.

"If I were to pay you now, you would not half finish my work. You are delaying me from going to the play. Go away and do not bother me. I shall pay you when I see fit."

So saying she closed the door and Bertha Ferris, with a bitter, resentful feeling in her heart, made her way again through the lighted streets toward her home. Her eyes again fell upon the baskets of apples and a quick impulse seized her—an impulse to take what was not her own.

"They will not miss them," she told herself, "and it is not wrong to give my brother a little pleasure when every one else has so much." So, suiting her action to her words, she opened her shopping bag and dropped two of the rosy apples into it. She was on the point of putting in another when she felt a strong hand upon her shoulder, and turning



looked into the face of a burly policeman.

"And so, missy, you are the one who has been committing all the petty thefts of late. Well, I'm glad we've caught you at last. Just come along quietly with me."

"Oh, sir; it is the first time I ever took anything that did not belong to me, and it was for my little crippled brother that I did it." With this, the nervous, overworked girl burst into tears.

In the meantime Mrs. Bradson was passing along in her carriage, with her invalid daughter, who had begged to be allowed to stay with relatives while her mother attended the opera. The child saw the girl's plight and throwing her arms around her mother's neck she begged her to go to her rescue.

"For," she said, "if you had paid her she would not have done this, and she has a little crippled brother at home and maybe he won't have any Christmas presents to make him happy tomorrow, as I shall have."

The mother's heart was touched, for she had but this one frail child beside her. A pang of remorse shot thru her, for she was not naturally hard-hearted. She had grown so because she had become so absorbed in society and the things of the world. She thought of how she would feel could her child not have all the comforts of life, and she knew that if she had been kind this incident would not have happened. Hastily stepping out of her carriage she made her way to the place where the sobbing girl and policeman stood.

"Let the girl alone," she said, "and I shall make recompense for this."

The policeman, on recognizing the wealthy Mrs. Bradson, immediately let go his hold, and she, taking the girl's hand kindly in her own, led

her to the carriage and drove her back to her one little room.

Christmas day was after all a happy one for the two orphans, and from that time a new era dawned for them. People marvelled at the change that had come over Mrs. Bradson, for she was no longer the narrow-minded society leader, but a kind and gentle friend to all who might need her aid. She had, perhaps, received the greatest Christmas present of all—the spirit of helpfulness. She may be seen now with her friend and companion, the neat little sewing girl, giving aid to many who are driven to want. And in the large yard of the stone house, two children may be seen playing together, one a sweet-faced little girl, the other a brown-eyed cripple lad.



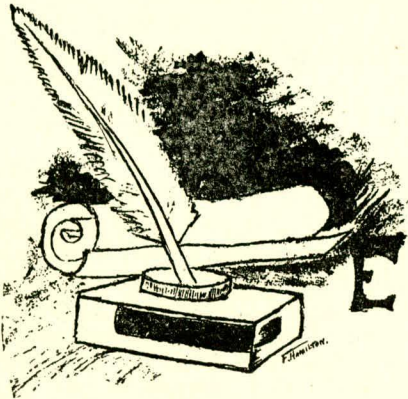
#### OUR ART DEPARTMENT.

The art department of our University this year, under the direction of Miss Marie Druse, far exceeds anything we have been able to give our patrons. We not only have a complete course in water colors, oil and charcoal work, but of our china painting we wish to make special mention, as we are given the credit of having the best in the city.

Too much good cannot be said of our normal art class, of which four periods a week are given in room 21. We organized this class with thirty enrolled, but this number has been augmented until we have outgrown our room. However, special arrangements are being made so we can accommodate all by next semester.

We are only granted two rooms at the University house for private lessons, which are given every day in the week except Monday, but have been promised more room later.





# EDITORIAL.

## THE MAROON

Published monthly during the academic year by the Associated Students of the University of Puget Sound.

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Athletic Editor—Grover Burford.  
Exchange Editor—Emma Terry '11.  
Local Editor—Bert Lovett '08.  
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The true spirit of Christmas is the Christ spirit. Few of us realize, in our hurry and worry at Christmas time, that we are far away from the

true spirit of this happy time. We spend our time and money in preparing presents for our friends who are well able to provide such things for themselves. We forget that it is not the birthday of our friends which we are celebrating, but the anniversary of the birth of Christ, on account of whose coming we enjoy our present blessings of living in a Christian nation. It is, of course, impossible to give material gifts to our Savior, but we are taught that if we give even so little as a cup of cold water to the "least of these" we are in spirit giving it to Him. Why not make Christmas a time of giving, not to friends only, but to the poor who have no friends to give them Christmas cheer? Perhaps we have no presents to give, but we could cheer some lonely heart by spending part of our holiday in visiting those to whom Christmas time is the dreariest of the year. Let us keep in mind the beautiful words of the poet:

"Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."



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# SOCIETY

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## BOYER.

The work of our society has shown a great improvement the past month. Much credit is due to the program committee in their selection of topics so interesting that the very best in each member has been brought out. In the first of these, on "Queen Elizabeth" and "Mary Queen of Scots," the various members outlined the political conditions of England and France at the time, gave the principal events of each reign, the characters of the two queens, and a lively discussion on the justification of the execution of Mary.

The subject for the program on November 26 was "Current People," Jane Adams, George Ade, Helen Gould, W. J. Bryan and Maude Powell being among the number.

Owing to the unfinished condition of the chapel, only one open program was given during the month. This one carried out a new idea in our society and was musical throughout.

Miss Mildred Edgerton has been admitted to membership among us, and comes with all the enthusiasm that is characteristic of the Boyers.

While "hard work and no play" has marked the past month, the bunches of excited B. L. S. girls seen daily in the halls and about the campus are proof that there'll be "something doing" soon, and the whole school will envy us our good times next month.

Miss Georgia Slater entertained at a pretty luncheon at her home on North Oakes street, for the Boyer Quartette of the University of Puget Sound. The decorations were unus-

ually tasteful, the color scheme being violet and green. The center piece was an immense bowl of violets, while the place cards were dainty water color sketches. In the menu as well the color scheme of violet and green was carried out.

## H. C. S.

During the past month no stunts of unusual occurrence have happened. The look of steady progress marks the face of every H. C. S. man. Our programs have been well attended. The new men have entered the ranks of work in a promising manner.

The merit of the work done by H. C. S. men is higher than that done last year. We are stronger than we have ever been before. This we attribute to the hard, incessant work of each individual member.

We think that "the" society or fraternity with the closed program can develop men far better than the strictly open. We believe that the small society or fraternity can do better work and secure better accomplishments than the large one. Hence the H. C. S. believes that it can put before its men the opportunity and means to secure the best social and literary results.

As a fraternity, the H. C. S. wishes to correct that misleading statement current in our school that all "fraternities" are a hindrance to the progress of school life. Against that, the H. C. S. endeavored especially this year to help raise the standard of U. P. S. scholarship by carrying out the plans of inter-society debate.



This we were unable to do for lack of those to co-operate with us.

As a fraternity, the H. C. S. stands for all that is the best and highest in the development of literary work, also social and athletic as well. The H. C. S. wants every man who is willing to put himself in a position to raise the ideals of our fraternity, and at the same time raise his. If a man does not want to belong to a fraternity he has his choice, but if it is paying and helpful, why hinder it?

The H. C. S. believes that a united assembly of men—united for the sole purpose of helping to raise the literary standard, united to help the causes of both school and men—cannot but receive the hearty and loyal support of our school and fellow-men.

### PHILOS.

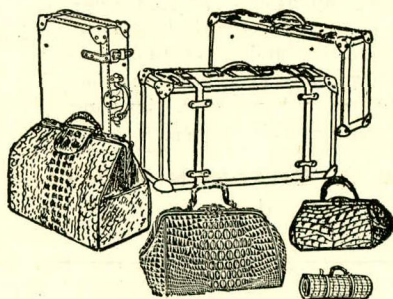
On Monday evening, November 18, the Philo girls entertained the Philo boys in the parlors of the girls' dormitory. Plans had been made for a cross-country walk, but owing to the inclemency of the weather these were changed and the festivities were held indoors. The evening passed quickly with games and music, prizes being won by Mr. Terrel Newby and Miss Elsie Pinder. Refreshments were served in the dining hall, after which a short walk was taken, the rain having ceased.

After the regular business meeting, Friday, November 15, Mr. Edgar Smith and Miss Murphy received the first degree of initiation ceremonies.

### ALTRURIANS.

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letin-board now, which belongs to the Altrurian organization. The programs exhibited on it are short, because the society meetings are still crowded with new business which takes up a great deal of time. For this reason it is also impossible to give an open program in the very near future, but it is hoped that before very long we will be able to entertain an audience of our friends who have assisted us so kindly thus far in our beginning, and who are now expecting us to use our own strength and show some of our ability along the lines of a true literary organization in a school like ours.

New members are continually being initiated. Among the later ones are Mr. Lovett, Mr. Liland Jones, Miss Flanders, Miss White, Miss Schultz, Paul Palmer.

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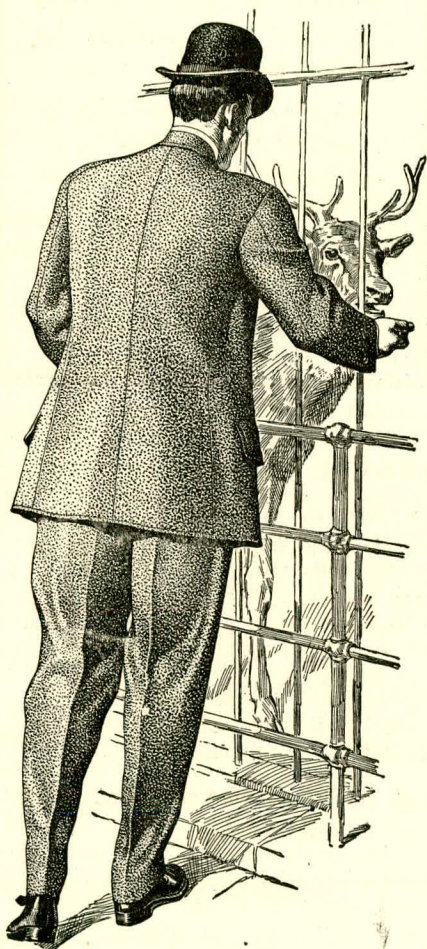
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# ATHLETICS

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This month has found us in the thickest of the athletic fight. The football season has closed, and the basketball season just opened. We want to congratulate our football players on their successes. They have done remarkably well, considering the many obstacles that were to be overcome. The teams were not organized till one-third of the season had passed, and even after organizing, suits for both teams had to be procured.

Captain Olson has marshaled his forces in a manner that has shown careful supervision. To secure a team, without a coach, meant determination and loyalty on the part of every man. This was shown as the U. P. S. team played no small factor in the different games in which it took part.

We feel confident that with the progress and start the local eleven has made this year, the "varsity" next year will put a league winning team. We have the material and quality, all that remains is the coaching, and the U. P. S. will be there. The great drawback this year seemed to be that most of the men were new and had never played together.

On Nov. 8 the second U. P. S. eleven met the Sumner High school at Sumner. The "varsity" men showed the laddies some new tricks in bucking and heavy line playing, but the High school men were too many when it came to run ends, and the game ended with a score of 27-0 in favor of Sumner.

Line-up: Left end, Smith; right end, Rubicon; left guard, Haw-

thorne; right guard, Hendrix; left tackle, Siler; right tackle, LeSourd; center, Glenn; quarter, Shively; left half, Easterday; right half, Lidrene; full, Totland.

The next game was played at Whitworth between both first teams. We wish to say that our team was loyally supported during the rain and wind of the day. It is said, and based upon good authority, that five U. P. S. girls waded thru all the slush of the afternoon to give "Walla Walla Wes." It is also said that the opposing team had the minority in feminine supporters. "What's the matter with the U. P. S.?" The game was a stiff one. The U. P. S. played hard and fast, but with the aid of a coach and practice Whitworth managed to carry off the laurels with a score of 32-0.

On Thanksgiving day, November 28th, the first "varsity" sped away to that little town called Bellingham to feast on football and turkey. The student body congratulates the team on the manner in which they held their opponents down, especially the last half.

This surely showed that our men are there with the goods. The plays on the part of the U. P. S. were short and snappy, and showed marked improvement over the team work at the beginning of the year. The bucking of Moore and Olsan was indeed worthy of note. The ends, Bruce and LeSourd, swung around the arms of the enemy in whirlwind fashion. The plays of the tackles, guards, quarterback, halves and the "little" big fat center must not be overlooked.



We must close by saying both teams deserve a great deal of credit, and will look forward to next year to the organizing of two more teams. The score at Bellingham was: First half, 24 to 0; second half, 0 to 0.

Line-up: Left end, Bruce; right end, LeSourd; right tackle, Newby; left tackle, Case; right guard, Moore; left guard, Turner; fat center, Christensen; quarterback, Smith and Davis; right half, Green; left half, McAllister; fullback, Capt. Olsen.

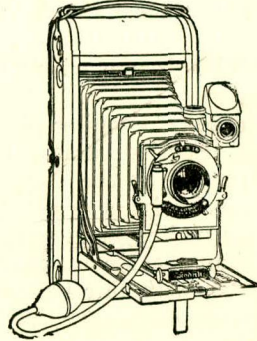
After the football season the fellows are showing a lively interest in basket ball. The men having Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, while the young ladies muster on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Captain Donaldson, of the first team, has his men lined up and expresses himself confident of putting out a winning quintette again this year.

A keen interest is being shown in the try-out for second. Grover Burford was elected temporary captain. There is enough material to put out four teams and possibly five.

The young ladies are availing themselves of the opportunity to use the gym. Coach Stwalley reports a

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good ingathering and hard, earnest work on the part of the young ladies to put out a No. 1 team. It is reported that they have their little feeds once in a while to get new ones out. Don't you wish you were a candidate?

On Thursday evening, December 5, the first practice game of the season was played at the varsity gym. between the business men of Rhodes Bros. and a picked team at the "U." The merchants came up to the bargain counter with fair bargains, but the bargains of the varsity fellows were fairer.

A lively game followed. Donaldson and Reynolds played the game for the merchants. It must not be overlooked that the "little fat" guard also played a fast game. The local team held their ground in a way that showed team work. Knox and Crocket played forwards, while Kennard held down the center plate. Logsden, our new man, showed himself as a master guard, and the old whirlwind Siler buzzed around to keep the opponents score down. The



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score was 15-9 in favor of the University.

Line-up:

U. P. S.

Rhodes Bros.

Knox .....F..... Donaldson  
Crocket .....F..... Baker  
Kennard .....C..... Reynolds  
Siler .....G..... Moore  
Logsdon .....G..... Cuddy

During halves the young ladies took the floor and demonstrated their skill in throwing baskets. The game was between the first and second teams. Beil, Sundberg and Warren played the game for the first team. The score was 11 to 1 in favor of the first.

As the basket ball season has opened, let us give the teams all our support. Every student who can, ought to be taking part in some kind of athletic stunt. We cannot build up our athletic department without the aid of every talented man or woman. We must put out winning basket ball teams. We must enter the track meet. We cannot possibly do it without your support. Through the kindly help of some of the faculty and students new songs have been added to the yell list. New yells are on the washboard, being washed out. We want life and vigor in our contests. Let us rally one and all, respond to the yell master, and cooperate to make our athletic department the champion of the Northwest. With a few closing remarks we wish to thank the different ones for their loyal support during the football season, and that all efforts to advance this cause have not passed by unnoticed.

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## EXCHANGES

The Maroon is pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Megaphone, Davenport, Wash.; The Exponent, Bozeman, Mont.; Phreno-Cosmian, D. Wesleyan U., Mitchell, S. D.; Pacific Wave, Seattle, Wash.; Albany College Student, Albany, Ore.; Hesperian, Hoquiam, Wash.; The Monmal, Dillon, Mont.; The Simpsonian, Indianola, Ia.; The Baker Orange, Baldwin, Kan.; The Willamette Collegian, Salem, Ore.

We note with interest the dedicatorial exercises, the laying of the corner stone of the Administration building at the Northern State Normal and Industrial School, Aberdeen, S. D.

Purple and Gold (Huron, S. D.), your paper is good, but where are your stories?

The Tahoma, the cuts of your football team are quite original. It's a good idea to have an information bureau. Glad to see such a long exchange list.

How dear to our hearts is the cash on subscription,

When the generous subscriber presents it to view,

But the one who wont pay, we refrain from description,

For perhaps, gentle reader, that one might be you. —Ex.

Whitworthian, your cover design is exceedingly neat. A few stories may add to the interest of your paper. Your poem is O. K.

The Comet (Pittston, Penn.), "The Prize Essay," "The Pennamite" and "Yankee War" are certainly worth studying.

Brutus: "Hello, Caesar! How many eggs did you eat for breakfast this morning?"

Caesar: "Et tu, Brute."

Who prefers to sit with the girls, First he sits with one, then with another,

But the girl always says, "He's just my brother."

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False fair one—hope fled,  
Heart-broken—he's dead—  
A Junior.

Went skating—not fed,  
Starvation—he's dead—  
A Soph'more.

Milk famine—not fed,  
Starvation—he's dead—  
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—Ex.

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Prof. T.: The first noun I think of is—

A. H.: Der Mann.

Marlatt (coming out of the U. P. S. on a foggy night): Gee, fellows, I wish I had my girl here.

Mrs. Pease: Mr. Hawthorne, how did Bacon spend his latter days?

Mr. Hawthorne: Trying to preserve snow.

Iverson (in Y. M. C. A.): Lately, boys, I've had a new experience.

Mr. Reuben (at the phone): Hello, that you Hellen?—I want to carry your flute tonight can I?—What time shall I call? About eight? All right.

Mrs. Pease: Miss Brown, tell us something about Spencer.

Miss B: He was born in 1552, and died in 1559.

Mrs. Adams (at Dorm. prayers): Who wrote the book of Revelations? June S: Moses.

Friday, Nov. 22, the Latin class answered to roll call "prepared" or "unprepared." When it came to Iverson, he said, "I didn't study Latin last night."

Miss St-nb-a: I won't allow you to hold my hand again.

It is inconsistent with the dignity of a Senior to rush around with the enthusiasm of a Freshman. These days, when the frost lies on the ground until the morning is far advanced, make it inconvenient for some of our elders to preserve their dignity. Willard A., though, has solved the problem, with the brilliancy that is characteristic of him. Wearing an overcoat not only keeps Willard warm, but the idea gives us some notion of how he will look when the caps and gowns arrive.

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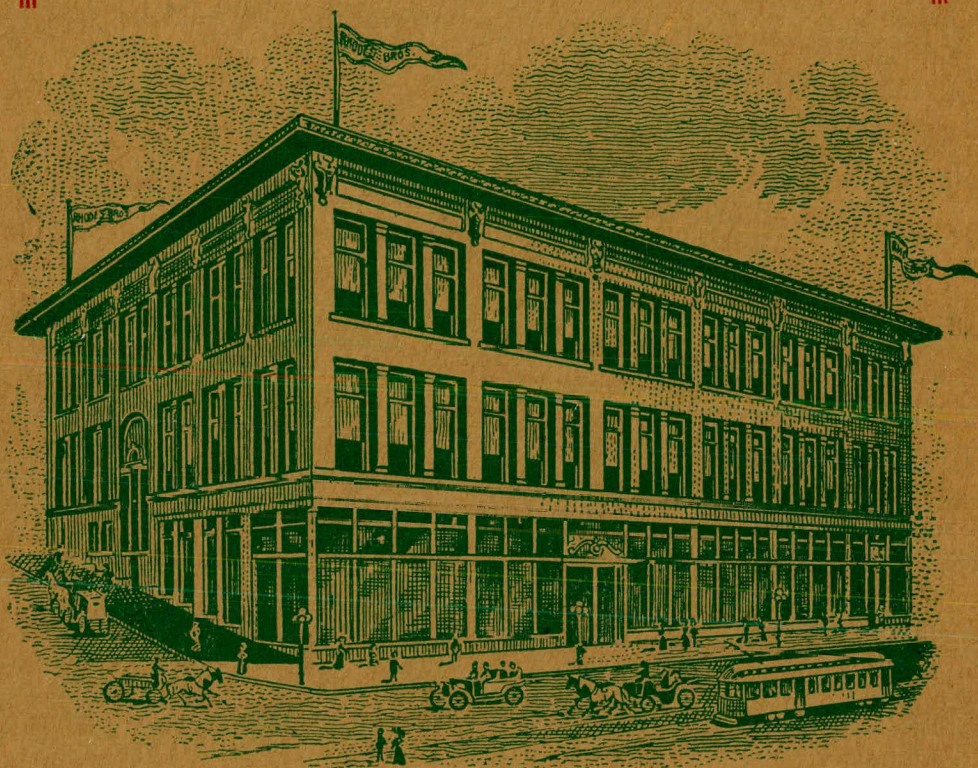
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